

## IN WICKED BROOKLYN.

"The Excise law never was so openly and flagrantly and shamelessly violated as it has been this year. Vice and crime have increased to an alarming extent, and go on unchecked. The police make few arrests, and when they do arrest they seldom have evidence to convict. The records will thus show a decrease of crime, but every intelligent citizen knows better."

This is not Dr. Parkhurst back from Europe and ex-coriating Commissioner Partridge, though it seems an echo of his "worse than Deverysm" interview. It is the Law Enforcement Society of Brooklyn calling the Governor's attention to existing conditions in the City of Churches. It has wholly to do with Deputy Commissioner Elstein's department and indicates a state of affairs just the opposite of what was popularly supposed to prevail.

The surprising nature of these charges reminds us that we are left with too little intimate information about affairs in the Brooklyn Police Department. Is the requisite and necessary attention paid to the discipline of the force, to the cleanliness of its gloves, the position of patrolmen on the pavement while on beat, the details of deportment that make a force great? Are captains shifted with proper frequency, and does the Deputy Commissioner make an occasional unannounced midnight tour to discover derelictions?

These matters are a necessary preliminary to the elevation of a force to its highest standard of efficiency, and if Elstein has neglected them he should be held to have been remiss in his duty.

## A STEEL KING IN ITALY.

Mr. Schwab last fall left a lurid trail over the Continent from Paris to Vienna via Monte Carlo. This year his itinerary has taken him into Italy and reports indicate with what wonder he is regarded by the natives. To them he is an Attila in a frock coat invading scenes of classic quiet, but paying the bill so liberally that his eccentric behavior is permitted to excite more amazement than protest.

Desiring to go from Venice to Milan and impatient of delay the steel king hired a special train, a royal act in itself, but one betraying royal recklessness about funds in the "regardless of expense" way in which it was paid for. The train cost 2,000 lire (\$400), but Mr. Schwab willingly gave his check for £2,000 (\$10,000) in the belief that the latter sum was the one demanded by the company. On historic Como the millionaire chartered a steamer and rushed up and down the lake at full speed. On the roads round about he made alternate dashes against time in an automobile and behind a pair of mettlesome horses.

Altogether he is about the fastest American the Italians have ever seen. Wherever he goes the eternal speed madness draws him on as it used to draw him across Jersey on his express time automobile trips. Shall we expect him back in a specially chartered ocean liner with a prize for the captain for breaking the record?

## THE SPELLBINDERS.

Elsewhere this may be an apathetic campaign, but not in "Florrie" Sullivan's Assembly District, where twenty cart-tail Ciceros are making impassioned appeals every evening from twenty trucks. They like a little warmth with their speechmaking in "Florrie's" district; cold facts charm them not. From 8 o'clock P. M. till 11 the stratum of air enveloping the region from Chrystie street to Clinton is superheated by spellbinding. Three thousand words an hour poured forth from twenty throats, a Niagara of eloquence. Lies nalled, reputations rent, true party doctrines set forth in thoughts that breathe and words that burn holes in the circumambient atmosphere. And how many votes are changed by it? Even if we had "Florrie's" private expense book and this year's vote to compare with last year's we could hardly approximate an estimate. Private arguments of brevity but force with "considerations" accompanying them make an element with which we have to reckon—one more potent than the impassioned public appeals from cart-tails.

## THE "L" MASHER.

Most of the letters received by The Evening World from women who have been made the target of the "L" masher's unwelcome attentions exhibit the innate and characteristic modesty which makes the victim of the insult shrink from the publicity of an open rebuke. A woman thus insulted is given the peculiarly distasteful alternative of putting up with the slight to her self-respect, mortifying as it is, or exposing herself to remark by taking notice of it. She should remember that if she "calls down" the masher she will be commended, and if she takes pains to effect his arrest, as resolute women sometimes, though too rarely, do, she will perform a public service.

A masher comes near being the ignoblest work of God. He counts on shielding himself behind the very modesty that he insults. It is a great gain for decency when he is exposed and punished.

## THE DEMON CHILD.

Later-day Froebels and Rousseaus and others who study children should investigate the singular case of little Harold Hartshorne, whose governess, Marie Betz, is suing for \$50,000 damages for injuries inflicted by him. Harold was nine at the time of the alleged maltreatment of Miss Betz. Now, at eleven, he is a lad with chubby, cherubic face and with eyes innocent of guile—quite the sort of boy that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett would have picked out to play with her Little Lord Fauntleroy.

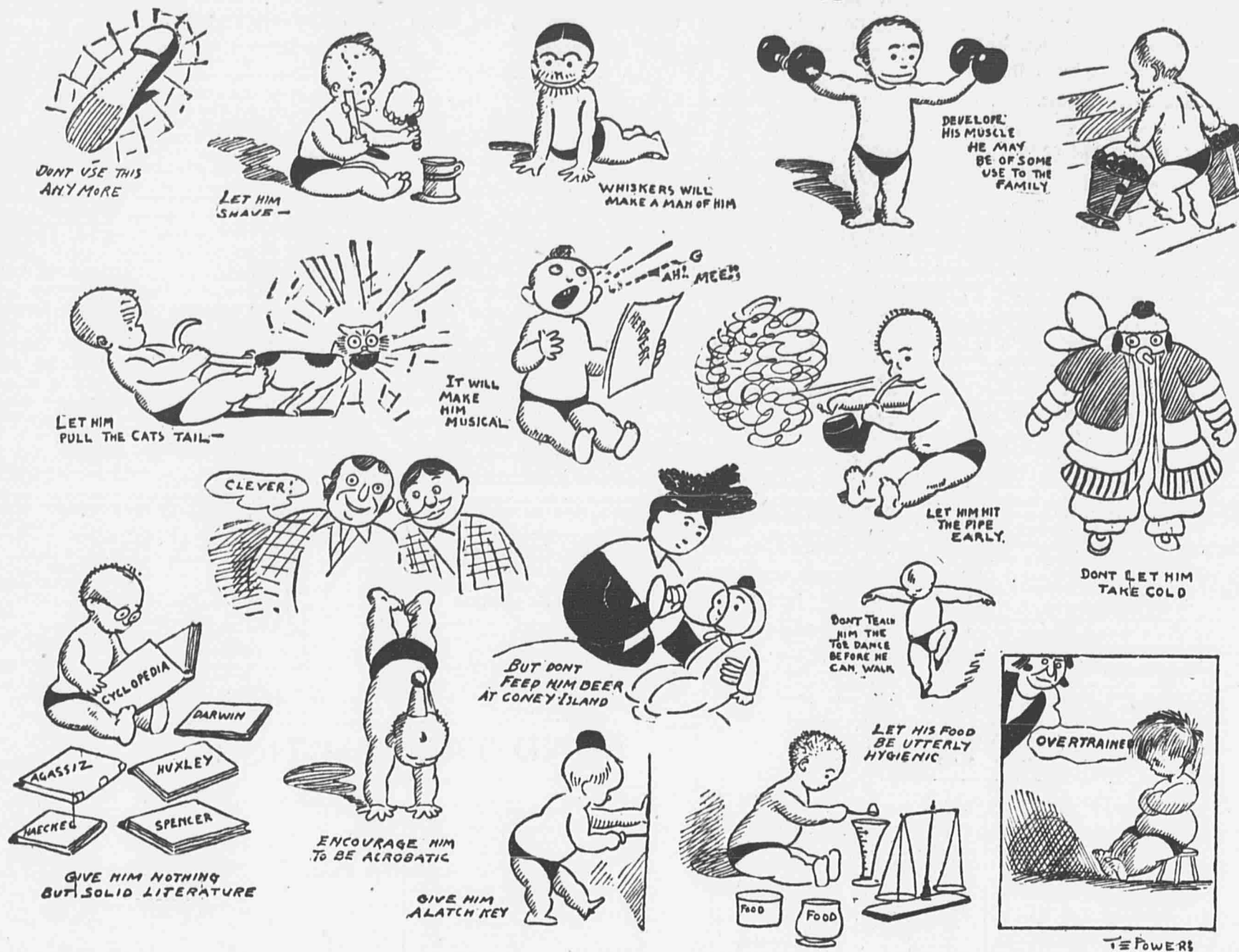
But how deceitful this angel face and what a Jesse Pomeroy of a boy is our little Harold, if we are to believe Miss Betz! Those little feet have stamped on her back till it was one mass of contusions. Those rosy hands have pinched and punched her and the pulpy infantile knuckles landed uppercuts on her rounded chin until now her nervous system has become a wreck and all the long train of neuroathenic symptoms is hers—hysteria, ataxia, partial paralysis. No battered pugilist who ever got groggy before the sledge-hammer blows of a Fitzsimmons suffered quite so severe a punishment as that inflicted on the helpless governess, according to her confession, by the demon boy with an angel face.

We may look to the jury to lend a sympathetic ear to Miss Betz's recital of her woes and to inflict on Harold the punishment he deserves. Certainly if such a kindergarten monster is allowed to remain at large no governess will be safe.

It is a curious coincidence that only three bands in "Florrie" Sullivan's district have any music. Have they no ear for music?

## What Is Needed in Child Training Is Something New.

Artist Powers Here Offers Some Novel Suggestions.



It is not probable that the Assembly of Mothers, now sitting in this city, will indorse any of the original ideas for training a child which The Evening World cartoonist here presents. They will, no doubt, stick to the same old threadbare method of training that has obtained since Adam's first boy was a baby, with the exception, perhaps, that they will want him stuffed with health foods and swathed in health garments, and all that sort of thing. But if they could be induced to try a few of Mr. Powers's suggestions the next Assembly of Mothers would have some new and mighty interesting types of youngsters to discuss.

## ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE.



"That photographer has very poor judgment."

"In what way?"

"Why, he made a remark on the high price of coal and then told me to look pleasant."

## REVIVERS.



"The telegraph companies are always looking out for improvements."

"Indeed! Then they should equip every messenger boy with a bottle of smelling salts for the women that faint when they receive a telegram."

## SHE SUCCEEDED.



The Men—You're taller than either of us.

The Girl—Yes, I always try to rise above disagreeable surroundings.

## A LONG WAIT.



Cholly—If I go to the barber's at this hour of the day, I wonder how long I'll have to wait for a shave.

Molly—About five years, if you wait till your chin gets bristles.

## Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dress-making establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

Dear Mme. Judice: I am at my wits' end to know how to make my little girl, twelve years old, a nice dress. The material is a satin finish broadcloth and a coat of black velvet lined with white satin. Will you suggest some nice way to make them. I am tired of seeing the plain box coat, and as it will have to do her for two winters I would like something very pretty.

B. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why not make your little girl's broadcloth dress the Gibson blouse, and gored skirt. I think this is a very good design for broadcloth, as it is too heavy for gathers and tucking, and if made with plain flat folds, machine stitched, is something out of the ordinary.

Fasten the blouse in the back and make quite long-waisted. A good idea is to attach the skirt to a little skeleton bodice and allow the blouse to fall down over it to the hips with a stitched broadcloth belt and fancy buckle. Make sleeve the new full blouse. A bit of lace or Persian embroidery can be used on neck, cuff, and belt, and down the broad centre front. If a dressy garment is desired. Several rows of machine stitching on a three-inch hem gives pretty finish to bottom of the skirt.

A black velvet coat of the Monte Carlo design is strictly new and appropriate for a girl of twelve, and can be worn for several seasons, and it is easily made. Buy a paper pattern of the above name, as the safest way for cutting the velvet. The length, usually, is just above the knee. It has very full flare,

which gives ripple effect and is entirely different from the box coat you mention. A bell sleeve is very new—tight at the top and hanging loose and full at the hand. The large cape collar is shaped three-cornered, one point in the back and two in front. Fancy tassels of black silk and silver threads hang to



THE MONTE CARLO COAT.

inches bust, the coat is 38 inches. Is it too old and out of date to do anything with? Nothing is too old-fashioned this season in materials or styles, for with a little additional "fixing" both can be modelled into the latest modes. Your plush coat can be utilized nicely and



THE GIBSON BLOUSE.

these points. The cape extends well over the shoulders and gives becoming breadth to the figure. It may be trimmed with silver and black braid, or a wide lace collar; either is equally pretty and girlish. Select six large buttons to match the collar trimming, silver or cut sleeve if silver trimming is used, or white pearl for the lace.

## AN OLD PLUSH MADE NEW.

Dear Mme. Judice: I have a long coat of black plush in good condition that belonged to my mother. I am tired of keeping it. Is there any way of making it new? It is a three-quarter coat. I am 51

cut into any length or design, the cloth permitting. I would suggest your selecting a pattern that will be as near the shape as possible, to avoid piecing. Have a large cape collar made of moire or bengaline silk and appliques of ecru lace or black and white embroidery or jet, which is the most extreme novelty this year. Slash your sleeves at the wrist and insert Vandykes of the silk. With a few heavy silk gowns down the front to fasten it, you will have a stunning black plush coat.

THE SOLACE SEEKER.  
"I am not. I shall not avoid. Nor say it is unjust. But had the best that's not controlled by any true trust."

## IN PRAISE OF CHECKERS.

As a mathematical game checkers ranks higher than chess, as it requires greater exactness, says the Chicago Chronicle. The game is several hundred years old and is a product of the English-speaking world almost exclusively. Edgar A. Poe, our talented poet, said of checkers: "The unostentatious game of checkers is superior to all the elaborate frivolity of chess." There are more than three dozen text books on the game, and there are several scores of weekly and monthly publications treating of new discoveries and developments. The Mitchell Library, of Glasgow, Scotland, recently spent several hundred dollars for checker books for general circulation. The colleges in Great Britain and the United States have recently taken up the game as a mental recreation, and the houses of Parliament have a room and club devoted exclusively to the game, which is equipped with text books and current publications on the game. The game is recognized as an exact science, and the greatest of its class ever invented. It is no uncommon thing in New England, Old England, Australia or Scotland for checker tournaments to be held when there are from seventy-five to one hundred players, and recently in London there was a match between two clubs in which there were over eighty checkerboards used—160 players!

## COMB HATS WHEN WET.

It is reassuring to be told that even the longest haired, silkiest beavers if wet by rain or snow can be perfectly restored by combing with the coarse end of an ordinary hair comb, after having been allowed to dry out naturally. After the combing a light "beating" with a small switch or stick will make the nap stand out as fluffy and fresh as when first from the maker's hands.

## SOMEBODIES.

BEVERIDGE, SENATOR—has, it is said, the largest book of newspaper clippings of any man in either House. The volume covers 500 pages. Since his affair with Bailey, it is, perhaps, only natural that Beveridge should take interest in such "scrap" books.

MASTIS, DR. RINA—who has just been made professor of anatomy at the University of Milan, is the first woman to be appointed professor in any Italian institution of learning.

MENELIK, EMPEROR—of Abyssinia, whose aid may, it is rumored, be invoked against the Mad Mullah, can put an army 300,000 strong into the field.

SHAPIRO, DR. MAX—an old pupil of Prof. Lorenz, will entertain the professor during the latter's stay in Baltimore.

STONE, MISS ELLEN—will not, it is said, be sent back to Turkey or Bulgaria. Perhaps it will cost too much to keep on ransoming her.

## A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

Dave Hill is the bull in the Odell grocery shop.

"Hoar dissects the Trusts." What a pity he ever put them together again.

Since Prince Maha and Prince Henry praise New York in terms so strong: Since Wales and Germany's Crown Prince are coming here ere long; It wouldn't be a half-bad plan (to celebrate our fame) To re-baptize New York and give it "Princeton" for its name.

She—Why won't you listen to reason? He—Why will you never give me the chance?

Wiggy is a little inclined to speak before he thinks. Somebody said in his hearing that milk had gone up a cent a quart. "By gum!" cried Wiggy, "I'm glad it ain't a cent a gallon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The army of gas companies seem to have combined to send in bigger bills." "It's a case of 'The Change of the Light Brigade.'"

Should the Strike Commission strike out all possibility of another strike in the strike region 'twill be the richest strike the public has struck in some time.

"I bought this hat for a song." "Then they probably gave it to you as hush-money."

Walter Damrosch says the hand organ is no test of the popularity of music. May be it isn't. But, with a whole lot of people, it's a crucial test of that art's unpopularity.

"Not much in this life," complained the chronic kicker. "The much for me. Everybody else I know seems to get along, but I'm left out in the cold." "Well, that won't happen to you in the life to come," remarked the sly Mr. Peppery.—Philadelphia Press.

Elderly Bather—Save my life, sir, and I will kiss you. Life-Saver—Madam, don't imagine, please, that threats will deter me from doing my duty.

A medical journal says the body of an average-sized man contains about sixty-one ounces of calcium, which, at the present price of \$300 an ounce, makes the value of this constituent alone \$18,000. It is to be hoped the tax assessors for personal property will not see the article.

The bandits bold held up the stage. The mail-bags they demolished; But found no cash, and learned with rage Stage-money'd been abolished.

Hox—It doesn't pay to get hot in the collar. Joak—Oh, yes; it pays the laundry-man.—Philadelphia Record.

"Have you read my last book?" "I wish I dared hope so."

Instead of trying to hang a lot of historic events around the Hall of Records in order to save that mooted edifice, why didn't its defenders think

to suggest that it might make a good temporary school-house?

Capt. Piper pipes, and Mulb'ry street Shows signs of demolition; For folks acquire, on hearing him, A "retiring" disposition.

While Odell's charges against Hill may be regarded as gross, yet Hill accused Odell of being gross.

"Bemler is wonderfully proud of his wife's grace. He says she is a living exemplification of the beauty of the curved line." "Yes, he told me in confidence that she can even put a most lovely curve into the sugar bowl when she flings it at him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"When men annoy you on the 'L,' the cautious mother said,

"Just speak reprovingly, and they will wish that they were dead."

The daughter answered, "I've a better plan to make them fall down; If they should flirt they'll learn the hatpin's mightier than the call down."

If the youth in the Newark Hospital who has forgotten his name were blessed with some such appellation as Sandetch Chowfa Maha Vajrudh there might be more excuse for his mislaying a few sections of it.

An auto met a trolley and the latter was knocked out. Now that the light-weight honors are no longer in doubt,

Why not arrange a scrapping match, the sporting world to bless, Between an ocean liner and the Empire State Express?

Towne—Rather absent-minded, isn't he?

Brown—Extremely so. Why, the other night when he got home he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't remember what it was until he had sat up over an hour trying to think of it.

Towne—And did he finally remember it?

Brown—Yes; he discovered that he had wanted to go to bed early.—Philadelphia Press.

"One of the French balloons has a sort of cart attached to it."

"I suppose they call the machine a cartoon."

Now that agricultural "grafting" is one of the courses at Wellesley College let the self-taught "grafter" tremble!

The Prince of Wales was evidently taught, when little, the maxim: "Wait till you're invited."

"I married you for your money." "I didn't even have that excuse for marrying you."

There once was a hand-painted Sioux Who wed a notorious shrioux. Till his keen scalping knife Put an end to her life And the p'lice are still seeking a cilloux.

Mr. Jerome, for once, thinks he sees a "plot" instead of an "accident."

"How did he ever get the title of 'Hon.'?" "He declined a nomination for Alderman once."—Chicago Tribune.

## A BLUE GRASS IDYL.

How the Beautiful Castleman Sisters Made Love for Their Absent Soldier Brother.

A LOVERS' quarrel in Kentucky—a young soldier fighting for country and forgetfulness of soul sorrows in Cuba—a beautiful young housewife's rescue in this city of a coaching party that was at the mercy of a mad team of runaway horses—the sweet, timely aid of two charming sisters of the soldier slain to the wounded hearts of the separated pair, and the happiest of happy love make-ups with now a December wedding in prospect—these are the incidents in one of the prettiest romances of the news that have ever been painted.

The delightful diplomacy of the two sisters—famous Blue Grass beauties—in restoring the entente and skillfully repairing of the damaged feelings of the estranged lovers is the attractive and novel feature of the romance.

Major David Castleman, handsome and dashing, the son of Gen. John B. Castleman, of Louisville, and Miss Ada Raley, a typical daughter of Kentucky and a leading Lexington belle, were devoted to each other. It was generally understood that at least a tacit engagement existed between them. The whole Blue Grass watched the courtship with interest.

All at once a cloud came between the pair. They were no longer seen together. Suspicion of a quarrel was strengthened by young Castleman's enlistment. He went to Cuba and won promotion to the rank of major.

Miss Raley came North for a visit and soon the Lexington and Louisville gossips forgot all about the interrupted romance. But it was not forgotten by the beautiful sisters of Major Castleman.

Who had from the first constituted themselves peacemakers between the lovers. They, too, had fallen under Miss Raley's subtle charms and had unbounded faith in her.

They never wrote to their brother in

the field without telling of their charming friend in Lexington. In every letter they sang her praises. They were cunningly laying siege to the soldier's heart, while another foe was menacing him at the front.

A few months and the war came to an end, and the two sisters, and the gallant Major Castleman, were the hero of admiring Kentuckians.

Fate planned that the Misses Alice and Elsie Castleman should make a long visit with friends in New York some months ago. The same kind fate brought Miss Ada Raley to this city at the same time. Neither knew of the other's presence in the city. One morning Alice Castleman read a newspaper

account of a coaching party.

A daring young Kentucky girl had stopped the coach on his mad runaway and saved the party from injury or perhaps death. The daring girl was Ada Raley, a skilled and graceful horsewoman.

That newspaper report went speedily to Major Castleman at Louisville. Along with it went a letter from his devoted sister, Alice. She emphasized and enlarged on the printed report of his some time sweetheart's daring.

Then she went further than she had ever ventured before in her campaign of match-making. With the skill and logic of a practiced jurist she told of the charms of her sister Ken-Miss Elsie Castleman. Finally

Miss Castleman pleaded with her brother to make peace with Miss Raley and woo her.

The loving plea did not go unheeded. The gallant young major hastened to New York. He met Miss Raley and the romance that had begun years before was renewed. The announcement of their engagement is evidence of the skill of the beautiful sisters of Major Castleman at matchmaking. They are to be married in December.



MISS ADA RALEY.

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MISS ALICE CASTLEMAN.

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